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SOCIETY AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CHAPMAN LODGE NO. 2, A. F. & A. M. Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2. Knights Templar. Regular convocations second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. C.; Charles Tamme, Recorder.

LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS. Regular convocations first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P.; Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1. Knights of Pythias meet every Monday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. J. F. Sackman, Chancellor; W. D. Kennedy, Keeper of Record and Seal.

SALBY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA. Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trumbley, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

SEBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F. Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Della Peard, V. G.; Mrs. A. F. Dalley, Secretary; Adeline Smith, Treasurer.

S. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY evenings each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

EASTERN STAR. REGULAR COMMUNICATION second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4. Meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. George Lewis, N. G.; C. W. McAllister, V. G.; J. Wertz, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgcock, cemetery trustee.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102. Meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804. Meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

S. P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY evenings each month at Fraternal Brotherhood Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno. Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

REDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD hall every second and fourth Thursday, sleep at the eighth run. Visiting brothers always welcome to the wigwam. James R. Lowe, sachem; Waite H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

E. E. ROSENWALD Lodge No. 545, I. O. B. B. Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenclay, president; Rabbi J. M. Rabin, secretary.

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PARTY OF PURCHASERS VISITS AGUA NEGRA GRANT

J. H. Hicks, of the Cuervo ranch, a partner of Attorney A. A. Jones of East Las Vegas, in the ranch and cattle business, visited Santa Rosa during nearly all of last week, in company with Mrs. Hicks.

Mr. Hicks is a very busy man with the numerous kinds of business with which he is connected. But he had been at Santa Rosa for the purpose of conducting a number of purchasers of portions of the Agua Negra grant to the tract. He is supposed to be able to show up the attractive and desirable advantages of the property to those seeking that information. The grant has recently been put on the market and quite widely advertised.

A Vital Point
The most delicate part of a baby is its bowels. Every ailment that it suffers with attacks the bowels, also endangering in most cases the life of the infant. McGee's Baby Elixir cures diarrhoea, dysentery, and all derangements of the stomach or bowels. Sold by Center Block Depot Drug Co.

A summer vacation does a man so much good because it reminds him how much easier his work is.

Mourning, bronchitis and other throat troubles are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar as it soothes and heals the inflamed throat and bronchial tubes and the most obstinate cough disappears. Insist upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar. O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

Tell a girl she's pretty, not because she doubts it, but because she doesn't want you to doubt it.

Call up Main 2 when you have any news. The Optic wants it.

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The Supreme Court of Love

By Julia MacNair Wright

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When the Venning will case went against Julius North several of his friends, like the three men of the orient, "made an appointment to come to mourn and to weep with him." The case concerned nothing less than the ownership of that magnificent pile the Taj, where Julius had his suite of rooms.

The friends left at ten, and Julius gave them his word of honor that he would carry his case up to the highest court in the land before he accepted defeat. Julius seated himself at his desk to write to a client, Miss Lester. He was nervous, and cast four rejected letters open on the desk. Then he flung his shoes into a corner and threw his coat after them. A sudden thought electrified him into intense brain action: He sat down and applied himself to the points in the Venning will case.

On the street below Eugene Todd, in a state of vinous idiosyncrasy, was supporting a post. Towards Eugene came skimming a tall, slender figure wrapped in a long cloak and with a lace scarf on his head.

"Jove!" gurgled Todd, "that's my sister, Jinny!"

The darting figure swerved. Todd lunged after.

"Jinny! see home," and with feet too wide apart, ineffectually followed flying grace.

The fugitive saw the open door of the Taj and sprang in. The elevator was up. The fair intruder fled along the stairs.

"One, two, four—oh, here I am. They're home," and slipped into the open door of Julius North's room.

"Harriet! Harriet!" she called, softly, raised a portiere, saw an absorbed man in his shirt sleeves, drew back to the outer door—and heard the uncertain steps and incessant gurgle of words of Todd in pursuit! She retreated again behind the portiere, tossed her cloak and scarf under a chair, dropped into its soft depths and closed her eyes. But, oh, misery! she had not quite shut that outer door. Its ray of light attracted Todd, and into that quiet realm of domestic peace stumbled the son of Bacchus, bawling:

"Jinny!"

Up sprang Julius.

"Why, Todd—what are you after?"

"Jinny—saw her comin' here."

"What, you fool?" roared Julius.

"Yes—or a ghost—'twas a ghost—"

"It's white—I see it sittin'—"

"Ghost! Oh-h-h-h!" Patti couldn't have surpassed that sweet, well-modulated scream. A dainty, warm love of a hand slipped under North's arm, an exquisite somebody clung to him, a lovely face full of simulated alarm, wide, violet eyes, looked up at him.

"Oh, do you think a ghost is in our house?"

"No wonder your wife's scared," said Todd, swaying. "Say, North, thought you wasn't married—thought you was sweet on Jinny. Where's Jinny?"

Where was Julius? He had gone to his desk a bachelor, defeated plaintiff; he returned to consciousness married, evidently, with a bewitching wife clinging to him. Was this witchcraft? Being of the nineteenth century, North said under his breath: "Thunder!" and ordered Todd to "come along to the elevator."

The charming stranger released North's arm and relapsed into the big chair. She must ask this shirt-sleeved Apollo to take her home; she felt sure stairs and streets were lined with duplicates of Todd.

The head of Julius was in a whirl. What mysterious angel was this? What heavenly visitant? He was at his door again, and there, seated at his desk, cheek on her pink palm, the angel was reading his letters to Miss Lester! He tumbled from the clouds, and said, angrily:

"You have taken possession of my house and my correspondence—"

She laughed up into his face.

"Cannot I read letters addressed to me? I am Lallege Lester. Aunt and I came to the city yesterday. I have been to see a sick friend—I thought a two-blocks' walk safe enough—but I stayed too late, and that terrible drunken fellow frightened me into the Taj. I counted the floors wrong. I thought this was Mrs. Gates' suite. I will go up there at once."

"It is locked. The Gateses went to Chicago to-day."

"Then please take me to Aunt Susan at once. That drunken idiot won't remember anything, will he?" Julius grew malicious.

"Don't flatter yourself. He remembers everything. To-morrow he'll tell all his family of my changed state and have them over to call on the happy pair." Lallege waxed wrathful.

"Will you take me home at once?" Then she started for the door.

"Our doom is sealed," cried Julius. "Let us conform to it. Make me the happiest of men by your perpetual presence." He fell into his coat and shoes, took his hat, and reached her side, still fluent.

"I will be the happiest of men, as I am now the best—" Lallege started back, chill despair in her tones.

"Our doom is sealed. Mr. North, the stairs are full of people!"

"Tracy, Dill, Hastings, Hunt. I know the voices—the men who left an hour ago. Quick! step behind that curtain!"

"Elevator's stuck!" shouted the returned friends. "Heard the news? Kinzie Sandys is dead—fell dead at

the Munger house as they were congratulating him on winning the Venning will case!" There was a little shriek behind the curtain. Would that girl betray herself? Instantly Julius swept back his arm and knocked a large vase from its bracket. The sound of breakage mingled with and obliterated that low cry on its way to the ears of his excited friends.

"Poor fellow!" said North, with conviction.

"Who's his heir? There'll be a new defendant for you to fight."

Would they never go? They discussed the affair endlessly. There was Lallege behind the curtain, while her aunt in convulsions occupied the background of North's thoughts.

Twelve struck. At last they were gone. Lallege emerged from the silken folds. North stooped to recover her fallen cloak and scarf. As he bent behind the drapery Lallege heard a step ring on the mosaic of the hall.

A virile voice sounded:

"North! What, Julius, still on deck?"

"Goodness!" said Lallege, wildly. "Do you hold all-night receptions for your men friends?"

The curtain was hopelessly disarranged, but the room had a little balcony upon which a glass door, silk-draped, opened. This door was near. Lallege stepped to the balcony and pulled the door after her, but it did not quite close, and she dared not touch it again, for the strong voice spoke in the room she had left—

"So you heard of Sandys' death?"

This was Pettibone, leading counsel for North in the "Venning Will Case."

He detailed Sandys' sudden death, of which he had been witness. Lallege listened.

"Confound it, North, where is all this draught coming from? You seem to live in the Cave of the Winds!"

Pettibone was elderly and testy. He spied the balcony door and tried to crowd it shut. It rebelled, because a fold of Miss Lester's gown lay upon the lower hinge. Pettibone jerked the door wide open to see what was the matter. Lo! a very beautiful young woman in a flowered silk home dress with point lace at neck and sleeves. Pettibone whistled.

A spark in a powder barrel produces immediate results. Lallege had, life-long, been adulated, accustomed to hats off and deference. She had never before been whistled at. Rage overtopped all other emotions—all resolves. She had but one refuge from this low-minded, insufferable, hideous, inopportune, hateful old man! That refuge was Julius North himself.

Something of the tranquil, unsearchable, protective strength of the skies, at which she had just been gazing, seemed in his face as he stepped towards her when she was revealed by Pettibone's act. Lallege did not hesitate; she moved proudly into the room, took North's arm, leaned on it confidently, and in the sweetest of voices said:

"My dear, perhaps the room is cold. We do not feel a chill as old people do. No doubt your friend has rheumatism."

Now, this was distinctly venomous, for Pettibone was always grasping at a vanished youth, and fought fiercely the encroachments and approaches of age. Then Lallege and Julius looked each other in the face.

Lallege had misled Todd; now she undertook to hoodwink old Pettibone. Julius was jubilantly resolute to have no mistake made here at the last, no loophole for this delicious creature's retreat.

"Yes, yes, Pettibone," he said, his words ecstatically tumbling over each other, "close the door. Mrs. North will not object. Mrs. North, may I present my lawyer, Mr. Pettibone? Pettibone, congratulations are now in order, although we had not intended to publish the fact quite so soon."

"Congratulations! I should say so," cried Pettibone, regarding with pleasure the handsome pair. "Happy man! What a march you have stolen upon us! Mrs. North, my ignorance of your presence must plead my excuse for my unceremonious entrance at this hour. Such a tremendous incident as Sandys' death hurried me here to see North and learn whether he will carry his case up or come, if possible, to some understanding with the new defendant."

"The case," said Lallege, calmly, as she leaned on North's arm, "will not be carried up. How can it be? I am Mr. Sandys' heir, and, of course, Mr. North and I have all things in common."

She shot a covert glance at North, who, perhaps, had not dared to sue in such ardent haste for the hand which held the Taj in its dimpled softness.

"Mr. Sandys' heir?" demanded Pettibone.

"Yes, his nearest kin and universal legatee," said Lallege.

"You are—were, I mean—then, Miss Lallege Lester," said Pettibone, looking for his hat. "So the Venning will case, North, will not be carried to the supreme court?"

"It has been carried there and decided in my favor," said North. "What court is higher than the supreme court of love?"

Pettibone shook hands and disappeared, stupefied.

"Take me home at once," said Lallege, firmly, "before the remainder of your dear 500 friends appear. What state do you suppose aunt is in? I know she has sent to all the police stations and is having me shouted for by the town crier. No doubt she will die of fright."

Prognostications of awful consequences to her aunt were continued, with a view to keeping North silent—as the two passed under the arched portal of the Taj, and so out beneath the stars.

S.S.S. NATURE'S PERFECT TONIC

Something more than an ordinary tonic is required to restore health to a weakened, run-down system; the medicine must possess blood-purifying properties as well, because the weakness and impurity of the circulation is responsible for the poor physical condition. The blood does not contain the necessary quantity of rich, red corpuscles, and is therefore a weak, watery stream which cannot afford sufficient nourishment to sustain the system in ordinary health. A poorly nourished body cannot resist disease, and this explains why so many persons are attacked by a spell of sickness when the use of a good tonic would have prevented the trouble. In S. S. S. will be found both blood-cleansing and tonic qualities combined. It builds up weak constitutions by removing all impurities and germs from the blood, thus supplying a certain means for restoring strength and invigorating the system. The healthful, vegetable ingredients of which S. S. S. is composed make it splendidly fitted to the needs of those systems which are delicate from any cause. It is Nature's Perfect Tonic, free from all harmful minerals, a safe and pleasant acting medicine for persons of every age. S. S. S. rids the body of that tired, worn-out feeling so common at this season, improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the stomach, acts with pleasing effects on the nervous system, and reinvigorates every portion of the body.

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Applicants in that territory are also examined on sanitation, disinfection and other kindred matters that are carried on in the undertaking business. On and after September 1st it will be unlawful for any person not possessing a certificate to practice embalming in Arizona. The license fee is \$5 and renewals \$2, from which a fund will be accumulated to pay the expenses of the board.

Sore Nipples

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all dealers.

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When a sufferer from stomach trouble takes Dr. King's New Life Pills he's mighty glad to see his dyspepsia and indigestion fly, but more is he tickled over his new, fine appetite, strong nerves, healthy vigor, all because stomach, liver and kidneys now work right. 25c at all druggists.

GOLD MEDALS BESTOWED UPON PIONEER BANKERS

An interesting feature of the eighth annual convention of the Colorado Bankers' association, which meets today and tomorrow in Denver, will be the presentation of solid gold badges by the association to the former presidents, all of whom are living except F. A. Reynolds of the Fremont County bank, who was president in 1906. The deceased banker was a brother of Jefferson Reynolds, president of the First National bank of Las Vegas.

The Big Head

is of two kind—conceit and the big head that comes from a sick headache. Does your head ever feel like a gourd and your brain feel loose and sore? You can cure it in no time by acting on your liver with Ballard's Herbine. Isn't it worth trying for the absolute and certain relief you'll get? Center Block Depot Drug Co.

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If you read it in The Optic it's so.

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D. L. BATCHELOR,
Agent.

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Tickets on sale May 6 to 13, inclusive; June 1 and 2; June 24 to July 10, inclusive; and July 27 to August 6, inclusive.
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Plan now. Read up about the country and its attractions. Get free folders issued account the Elks meeting; the N. E. A.; Colorado; the great Exposition, the Grand Canyon, and elsewhere.

D. L. BATCHELOR, Agent,
Las Vegas, N. M.